

# My Last Chance

Lil B

There's a lot of shit I'm still waiting for  
Still wondering  
Just, you know, crying on this notepad

Still waiting on healthcare  
Praying on welfare  
Gotta take my my hand up  
Gotta move my mind in  
Spend a lot of time there  
Getting on my grind there  
Throwing gang signs there  
Got a peace of mind there  
But I can't leave cause  
I know a piece of mine there  
People I grew up with  
Don't wanna see me shining  
So I grew up with a lot of things on my mind, plannin'  
People do bad stuff  
Wanna stay away from it  
Got my mind right  
So I won't sleep in the casket  
See death around the corner  
And life is in the basket  
That's left from a woman, cause  
The death of a woman  
Means one less man  
So give respect to the woman  
I guess we just looking  
If you could see how I see it  
It's pain in your eyes, show em  
Bleed how I'm bleeding  
Just wanna talk, just one thing  
Won't forget what you did  
Just accept one thing:  
I'm still waiting

You know there's so much in my life  
I just feel like I'm still waiting  
You know what I mean?

You could pick and choose  
You could win or lose  
You could sink or swim  
You could stay or move  
Just had to amass  
I match the groove  
I match the plan  
I match the mood  
Even though I'm from the hood  
I'm a classic dude  
Like Nat King Cole  
I'm a faster blues  
I have the blues, I seen the news  
Can't go a while  
Without seeing the food  
Am I just a judge?  
Am I just in love?

With this thing called life  
Can I give it a hug?  
Can I trust in thugs?  
Don't hold no grudge  
Niggas love to hate  
But don't show no love  
And that's old man thinking  
If you closed-minded thugging  
That's no man's hustle  
No house, no home, no car, no budget  
No Lord, no gun, but the ladies love him  
It's Lil B

I'm still rockin', still grinding for the top  
Let the bitch niggas know I won't stop, it's Lil Bars  
Yeah, I still hustle from the bottom to the top  
Let them muthafuckers know I won't stop

The hood feel like the invisible hood  
I'm the ghost in the trees  
I produce this wood  
I rap on the tracks that make the block  
Go crazy and the suburbs love me  
Word to cousin  
Right around the time I was hurting  
Struggling, this dude had my back  
Gave me motivation  
I was asleep on the floor  
In the midst of the haze,  
Taking trips to the money  
Paying for some changes  
Things started changing slowly  
Had the floor map  
Even helped the homies  
Got a new ride just to show the homie  
Bought my main bitch a flight  
Cause she say she's lonely  
I don't love her, groupie's a bitch  
That's word to Stunna  
Shoutout to Birdman, that's word to Stunna  
I touch down in the hood  
I'm off the flight and blunted  
It's Lil Bars, I'm hundreds...

Yeah, I'ma thank you for this trip in advance  
This is my last motherfuckin' chance  
I'm still waitin'